

# MISCELLANY POEMS.

---

WRITTEN

By R. W. C. C. Cambr.

---

*Non semper feriet quodcumque minabitur Arcus.*  
*Hor. de Arte Poetica.*

---



---

L O N D O N,

Printed for *W. Rogers*, at the *Sun* against *S<sup>t</sup> Dun-*  
*stan's Church* in *Fleetstreet*. 1700.



TO  
The Much Honoured  
And Most Religious LADY,  
THE LADY  
RUSSEL  
OF  
S<sup>t</sup> EDMUND'S BURY  
IN  
SUFFOLK.  
THESE  
EARLY POEMS

Are most Humbly Dedicated

BY

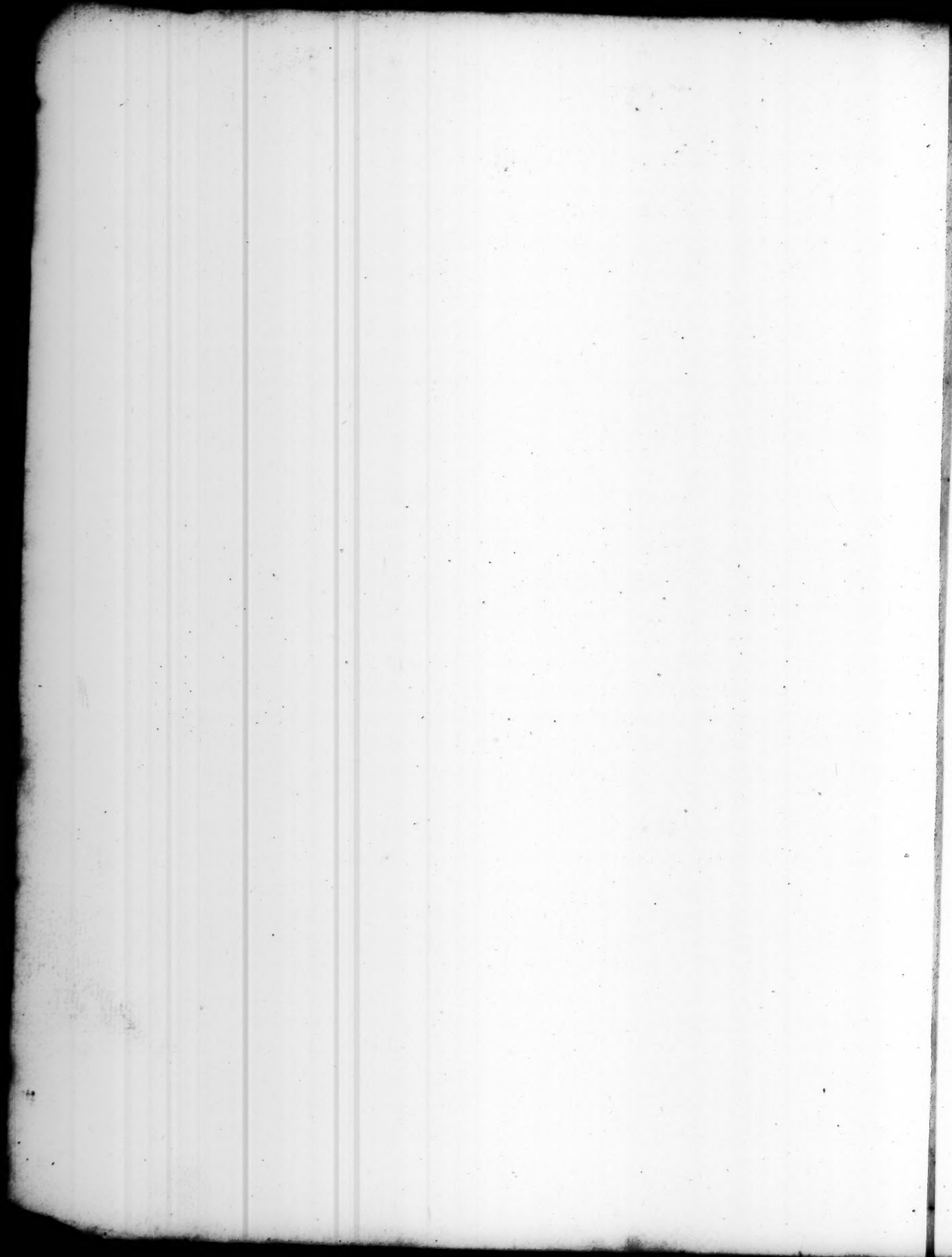
Her Ladyship's

Most Dutiful, and Most

Obedient Servant,

*R. Warren.*

K



---



---

R E L I G I O N:

A

## PINDARIQUE ODE.

**D**ESCEND *Celestial Polyhim*  
 From that Blest Residence, where you  
 With Cherubim and Seraphim  
 Th' *Almighty's* Presence View.  
 Where, with Immortal Lay's  
 Ye Eccho forth his Praise,  
 And unfatigu'd chant through along infinity of Days.  
 Descend, and now inspire my Thought,  
 Let me be Taught,  
 Like *Israel's* sweet tongu'd King of Old,  
 In mighty Numbers, mighty Things t' unfold.  
 Mighty Things my Theme I've chose,  
 What the *vile Creature* to his GREAT CREATOR  
 (owes.

## II.

Audacious Mortal, durst Thou then deny  
 Th' *Almighty's* Sovereignty?  
 Think'st thou His Being but an Empty Name,  
 Sprung from Imposture, nurs'd by Fame?

A 3

B

( 2 )

Is *He* no Being, who thy Being gave?  
Has *He* no Power, who still doth save?  
Or wast thou then the cause that now Thou art?  
Didst thou thy self unto thy self impart?  
Unheard of Nonsense! Then by this we know,  
There's One *Almighty* Cause of all below,  
To whom at least, We must our Being owe:  
Hence then our *Gratitude* and *Praise*, in Justice he  
( may Claim.

( And the Ungrate's an Odious Name  
We all are wont to blame )  
For sure 'tis better far to be, ( *tiny*.  
Than lost, for ever lost in Nature's dread Abyss, *Nonen-*

III.

But still th' unthinking wretch Would find,  
( So hardly to what's good inclin'd )  
Some fond excuses to delude his Mind.  
Or terms th' *Almighty* Partial in His great Decrees,  
By Fating some to Bliss, some to Eternal Miseries ;  
Or thinks when first he came  
A Finish'd Piece from the *Ætherial* frame,  
He freight from *Heaven's* o're ruling care was hurl'd  
Upon the stormy Ocean of the World,  
Where *Chance* alone destroys or saves,  
Whilst He a Wretched Wight as blindly steers through  
( Fortunes Waves.

IV.

But ah ! can this be thought to be  
Th' Effect of a *Propitious* Deity ?

Such

(3)

Such Him we sure may justly call,  
Who freely gave Existence unto all.  
For Blessings, (as 'tis own'd That was)  
Flow only from a kind well meaning Cause.  
Then sure 'twill the same kindness still retain,  
Still it's Dear Offspring with Paternal care maintain,  
And Nature never, never works in vain. }  
Hence let us then reflect, and self condemn'd at last de-  
(clare,

What Duty from a Son the Parent may expect  
( If things so small with great we may compare )  
*Obedience, Honour, Fear,*  
*Affection, Humble Resignation* to His whole Desire ;  
And all that tender Nature can inspire :  
'Tis this we owe, but in a vastly more enlarg'd Degree  
Our Filial Duty to the *Bounteous, Kind, Protecting Deity.*

V.

But oh ! would Man consult his Breast  
Th' *Eternal Register of Good and Ill,*  
Those standing Laws there by th' *Almighty's* Hand  
His Stubborn will (impress,  
With Horror must start from its Impious course at last.  
'Tis here *stern Conscience* spite of all his cares,  
Unheard of Punishment prepares.  
Not all the Torments that of Old,  
Are of Relenting Tyrants told,  
Or Poets fancies could create  
Are half so great.

Those



(4)

Those Flaming Whips *Alceto* bore,  
The *Vulture* reeking in *Prometheus's* gore.  
His Bosom the Eternal Food,  
Nor *Sisyphu's* oppressing Load.  
*Conscience* alone inflicts them all,  
And Thousand, Thousand more on the offending  
(Criminal.

VI.

And now (methinks) I'm ravish'd in a Scene  
Of Bliss the Pious keep within.  
What Joys? what calm? what sweet repose  
The Virtuous Soul o'reflows?  
Here then Celestial Charmer, did I cry,  
A stronger Flight of thoughts supply.  
Enlarge my Soul, of that blest State  
More fully to Participate.  
My Eager Soul the *Cherub* check'd,  
She told me that no greater Bliss below  
A Mortal here could know:  
She told me, here 'twas all in vain t' expect  
A View of that Bright Fountain whence it came,  
I might but taste the Flowing stream.  
Thus spake the Saint, and then Her Aid withdrew;  
My Soul streight Flagg'd, my Lyre grew silent too:  
She wing'd away, and all, me-thought, around  
Did loud sweet Harmony from the *Aethereal Arch* re-  
(found.

STUDY



(5)

STUDY and EXERCISE:

An Anacreontick ODE.

TELL me *Gentle Muses* how  
I still may best my time bestow;  
And yet I think you've don't before:  
'Tis so my days to number o're,  
As every Minute there may be  
A Compound of their Harmony.  
'Twas sometime to Repair to you,  
And pay the Visit there that's due.  
Sometime to Unbend my Mind,  
And moderate Recreation find;  
Sometime to the Shades retire,  
Charming my sorrows with a Lyre,  
Where, as the Various Notes I hear,  
Some grave, some shrill, to strike mine Ear,  
Thus mix'd, compose an Harmony;  
In all my Actions so should I;  
To follow Business when it calls  
And pleasure in the Intervals.  
'Twas in a word to use them both,  
So that I ne're might either loath.

---

Upon IDLENESS.

A Wake my Soul, shake off this drowsie fit,  
Which though perhaps with ease,  
B

May

(6)

May in soft Circles round Thy Temples sit,  
'Tis yet a curs'd Disease.  
Let not deluding *Syrens* Tongues,  
With soothing Words and softning Songs  
Lull Thee into a careless sleep,  
And in Gilt chains Thy Active spirits keep;  
But let them rove till they have broke the Chain,  
And you can your Lost Liberty regain:  
For *Sleep* and *Death* in all things so Agree,  
That Soul that's lost in *Sleep* doth cease to be.

II.

View how in Heaven's high Cannopy above  
The Golden *Sun* doth stray,  
And whilst it in a Constant Line does move,  
It measures out the Day.  
*Motion's* that God, which by fix'd Laws,  
Such curious Forms in matter draws,  
Matter it self an heavy Mass  
Rude and inactive of one Common Face,  
And ow's those Various shapes in which it's drest  
To motion's Seal on it's gross Lump imprest;  
Ah! can you then in *Sloth* contented Live,  
*Useless, Supine, and Buried* whilst alive?

III.

No, no, my Soul, you must without delay  
Your Faculties imploy  
In something worthy of your thoughts, which may  
Hereafter yield you Joy.  
Which

(7)

Which may with Virtues pleasing Art  
Your Active self from sin avert.

When if with *Luxury* and *Ease*  
You yield your sinful craving lusts to please,  
And to unruly Passions once give way,  
They'll quickly Lead your restless thoughts astray :  
Like a well Manur'd Garden left unsown,  
Which with Rank weeds will soon be over grown.

---

## TRAVEL. A Pindarique ODE.

COME Mighty Muse inspire my Song,  
A Rapid Tide of Thought prepare,  
In Dithyrambick Numbers let it roll along ;  
Yet all will be too weak I Fear.  
Come then your Utmost Forces joyn  
To carry on my great design,  
I mean to sail the World around,  
And see great Natures Utmost bound ;  
Ile Pass where Roaring Seas, Ile hear,  
Where *Phæbus* Cools his Burning Car.  
Then on my first intended Road  
With sprightly Vigour on Ile hast  
To View the Gilded Arches of the East,  
Where rises first the Fiery God  
From his Ambrosian Feast.

B 2

Nor

(8)

Nor shall the Ocean stop my Grand *Parole*,  
I'll cross the Globe from *Pole* to *Pole*.  
I'll cut the burning Line, and tread  
Where Natures Fetter'd in Her Icy Bed.  
For why dull Mortals, tell me why?  
Should Active Spirits Lye  
Like *Oriental Gems* still bur'd in obscurity?

II.

And whence ye subtil Vehicles of the Air?  
Ye Gentle Spirits that are nought but Soul?  
Is't we to duller matter you preferr?  
But for your speedy Travel through the whole,  
So swift that in a moment you appear  
Both here and every where.  
Whence is it that we all adore  
The Glorious Planet of the day?  
But that Heaven's Immense Posts Hemeasures o're  
Dispersing every where his Rays?  
Like an attempting Gyant on  
Some Noble Expedition.  
Still with Unwear'd Force  
Begins and Ends His course.  
Thus, thus should ev'ry Active Spirit do  
As far as Mortal Nature will allow.  
And sure we have a Sphere as Glorious to Travel here  
(below.

III. What

## III.

What wondrous pleasure must it needs impart  
 To view the Effects of Nature and of Art :  
 In every place with various shapes  
 To see how this the other apes.

But most of all Great Nature's work surprize,  
 Hence we behold vast mountains to arise  
 And with their Aiery Tops to pierce the Skies.

( Nor does my Muse

Now *Metaphors* and *Fancies* use.)

This *Taneriff* where *Pico* stands can show  
 Up whose vast rocky steep we Labouring go,  
 And leave mortality and things below,  
 Mounted above the clouds a pleasing Scene

Bright and Serene,

Environs all around, and here

We breathe like Gods, in pure *Ætherial Air*.

On some you'll find vast heaps of Snow,

From some a Flaming Deluge flow.

Lo! *Atlas* vast stupendious Bulky frame,

It's stately Head, how lofty Towers ;

We may believe it hither came,

Another Globe dropt down on ours.

Contrary manners and their Laws

( For wondrously the Soul delights

To see such Opposites)

By which Each State it's People awes.

These and a Thousand more He knows, and only He  
 Whogives himself the loose, and then enjoys an Uni-

( versal Liberty.

B 3

IV. Tell

## IV.

Tell me if we no Pleasure get  
 In changing of one constant Seat,  
 What made the *grave Philosophers*  
 Thus Travel o're the Heav'nly Spheres,  
 With so much eagerness to trace  
 A Petty Star's Mysterious Maze.  
 So nicely they direct the Scheme,  
 That if thy cou'd, I'm sure they'd run the same.  
 But since their body that denies,  
 Fancy the defect supplies,  
 And with ambitious thoughts dogs every where,  
 The little *shining Traveller*.  
 Yes, there's a strange, strange sweetness in Variety,  
 Which captivates the curious Soul, and draws it from its  
 ( lurking hole  
 To view the spacious World's surprizing Imag'ry

## V.

But now my Muse declare  
 How we should still beware  
 Of that too Fatal *Siren Curiosity*,  
 The only Prison of our Joy.  
 When we our Native seat forsake  
 Only a Transitory View to take,  
 And slightly gaze away a few loose years,  
 Upon the Noble structure of the *Universe*.  
 No 'tis not this I mean to do,  
 In all my roving to and fro ;

But



( 11 )

But Weighing and considering all  
The Wonders of this *Earthly Ball* ;  
I'll then my strong affections raise  
Unto th' *Almighty Author's* Praise.  
From manners which I've here been shown  
I'll draw a *Model* for my own.  
Thus fraught my Muse, come let's no longer roam,  
But wisely now return, and Travel o're our selves at  
( home.

---

## MARRIAGE.

WHEN Man was first a *Lonesom* Creature made  
The sole Inhabitant of *Eden's* blissful shade,  
Th' *Almighty* saw Him, and resolv'd t' afford  
A *Consort* for the *Melancholly* Lord ;  
Here first from Heaven the Nuptial Tie began,  
And *Woman* made a kind meet help for man.  
With Pleasures wing'd their minutes gayly flew,  
None in so short a time such Transports knew,  
Nor ever will, as did that Happy Two. }  
But soon Alas ! The Fatal Tempter came,  
With Flatt'ring hopes deceives the yielding Dame :  
Shews her the charms of the Forbidden Tree,  
What Beauty 'twould bestow, what Heavenly Majesty !  
Streight she resolves the pleasing Fruit to taste,  
And on it's sweets her longing Senses Feast.  
Then with her Art as well improv'd the Cheat,  
And gain'd her Husband with the specious Bait ;  
Hence .



Hence both offend against their *Angry God*,  
 Whose *Vengeance* drove them from the *blest abode* ;  
 All Joy's now gone, a Piteous Life they lead,  
 In painful toil and sorrow seek their Bread.  
 Thus through succeeding years an Equal Fate  
 We often find attend the Marriage State.  
 'Tis pleasing, the Fond Sense is all their care,  
 'Tis this first joyns, then slightly holds the heedless pair.  
 The Female still the Tempter's Art employs,  
 And fondly strives t' enhance the fancy'd joys,  
 With Gaudy Plumes, and Beauteous charms assails,  
 And o're th' unwary Mortal's heart prevails.  
 So both deluded by the Fatal snare,  
 Not *Heavens* Blessings, but it's Curses share ;  
 Ah ! then let the first *Parent* an Example stand  
 That Virtues charms our Beauty should command ;  
 Those prove the strongest Cement to the Nuptial Band. }

---

## H O S P I T A L I T Y.

### An Anacreontique ODE.

C O M E since I must a Treat procure  
 To Feast my Little Epicure ;  
 I'll tell thee, Pretty Guest, my Muse,  
 What sort of Diet I would Use,  
 I know you don't expect to Eat }  
 A Multiplicity of Meat, }  
 The vain profuseness of the Great. }

I'm

(13)

I'm sure you'd be displeased to see  
A rich and costly Tapestry,  
Adorn my Room; And here a try  
Of interrupting waiters by.  
No, no, not I, I'll none of these  
They often cloy, but never please.  
Nor need my gentle Stranger Fear  
The starving on a *Misers* Fare;  
I hate th' Excesses of them both,  
The one I shun, The one I Loath :  
A Tipling Glas or two shall be  
To make us merry company,  
And all beyond's but Luxury. }  
Come now my friends, 'tis thus I Treat  
We'll Eat to live, whilst others live to Eat.

---

## CONVERSATION.

**T**IS this Resounds through all the Universe,  
'Tis Nature's General charge that all converse;  
Hence 'tis in Summer time we hear  
The little *charming Songsters* of the Air  
In strains to greet each other; all around  
The Pretty warbling Choir by turns resound.  
The Verdant Trees hence know each other's Mind,  
And Model in like Notes the fanning Winds.  
Each stream returns the Murmurs of its Neighbouring  
( Rill  
And dancing Eccho bounds from Hill to Hill,  
C This,

(14)

This, This their *Plastick* conversation is,  
And Noble Man, to Noble Man has his :  
As *Sympathetick Instinct* mixes there,  
So *Divine Reason* is the Compound here.

---

## RETIREMENT,

Sitting in an ARBOUR.

LET Mortals proudly swell, and striving to look  
(great }  
Peach on the Pinacles of State,  
But fairer marks for Envies Hate.  
The Crazy World's vast Hight I fly, }  
And in an Humble corner Lye, }  
There, There enjoy a blest Obscurity.

### II.

The Pleasures which at *Court* appear,  
Are all but like the Fanci'd food,  
They say th' Accursed Fiends prepare  
For those fond Wretches they delude,  
Afford no real tast, 'tis all but empty Air :  
To the considering mind they're too well known,  
With me the Gilded Pill will ne're go down.

III. I seek

## III.

I seek no Pow'rful but a safe Retreat,  
 I'd not be *basely* poor nor *nobly* great.  
 He only Happy lives  
 Contented with what sparing fortune gives;  
 Let *safety* all my Life attend,  
 And Blest *Tranquility* my end.

## IV.

This granted, now methinks I see  
 My self the Happy Soul I wish to be.  
 Oh! how I'm blest with *Safety, Health, and Peace?*  
 How ravisht to behold *Serenely* these?  
 Free from all Boist'rous care and noisy strife,  
 Stream through the flow'ry Vale, and soft Recess of Life.

---

An ODE to my *Honoured FATHER*,  
 On his *Birth-Day*; being the  
*Glorious EPIPHANY*.

ONCE more my Muse inspire my Thoughts,  
 Your Pious wishes all prepare;  
 With Charming Numbers, Tuneful Notes  
 Implore His Sacred Genius care.

C 2

Thank

(16)

Thank the blest Guardian for what's past,  
And beg His Happy days may last.

II.

His Actions by kind Fate be crown'd,  
And Plenty flowing still appear,  
Nor Envy carp, that thus He 'has found  
Success through each revolving Year.  
So no obstructing cares shall stay  
Life's gentle current in it's Way.

III.

May Feeble Age be blest with Ease,  
And here when Life's soft Lambent Fire  
As Fading Nature's food decays  
Shall of its self alone expire;  
Then fed with Substance more Divine,  
A Glorious Luminary shine.

IV.

All this th' Angelic Spirit pray  
For His Dear Sake, who lately took  
A miserable frame of Mortal clay,  
And all the joys of Heav'n forsook,  
To ease distress'd, poor Mortal Race :  
For all from thence breathes Love and Peace.

V. And



(17)

V.

And now arose His Genial Star,  
A Bright Directing *Pharus* stood,  
To light the Nations from afar  
Thro' Error's Night, and Vice dire-Flood,  
Where Truth marks out the Radiant way  
To Bliss, and the Bright Realms of Day.

VI.

Like that, Kind Guardian, then dispence  
Unto thy Lovely Pupil Soul  
Such bright inliv'ning Influence,  
Which all its faculties may Rule.  
May from His Pen Angelic Precepts flow,  
To guide bewildred Mortals in their course below !

---

Upon our Daily Preparation for *DEATH*.

A Pindarique ODE.

——— *Quisquam ne secundis*  
*Tradere se fatis audeat nisi morte parata ?* Lucan.

SAY Heav'n-born Spirit, say  
Dear Part'ner in this Tenement of clay,  
Whither thou goest, when hence thou'rt wing'd away. }  
C 3 For

(18)

For sure Thou'rt doom'd by an unalterable fate  
To some Immortal State  
Of *Woe* or *Bliss*;  
As thou hast been employ'd in this.

II.

Ah ! ne're let that Great Task be then laid by,  
( *Whilst Living to prepare to dy,* )  
And after to be fitted for *Eternity*.  
*Eternity* ! How vast a Sum  
That swallows up the Present, and confounds the time  
*Eternity* ! How Natures frame to come ?  
Shakes at the dreadful Name ?  
Come then Assist me Virtues mighty force,  
Assist me now e're I  
The shoarless Ocean Try ;  
And to an unknown *somewhere* must direct my course.

III.

Pure *Innocence* my Safety shall maintain,  
And Equal *Justice* guide the Reign.  
Firm *Hope* my *Anchor*, and a Mind  
With Holy Thoughts refin'd  
Shall be the *Bark* ; the Heavenly Gale  
Of *Grace*, I pray, may fill my Sail.  
*Faith* is my *Compass* ; *Charity*  
My *Stowage* ; and my *Ballast* *Godly Fear* ♣  
My Pilot *Prudence*, who still bears an Eye  
To *CHRIST* my *Polestar* ; and while thus I steer,  
No



No doubt my *Weather-beaten* Soul at last  
May on the Blissful Shore of *Happiness* be cast.

## IV.

And now (methinks) I hear  
The Solemn Trumpet strike mine Ear, }  
And a Dread Triumph doth appear. }  
'Tis thine *Dear Saviour* who art come  
To call the Bur'd from their Tomb,  
To Summon those that Live t' appear,  
And meet *Thee* in the Air,  
Wo then to those sad Souls that want  
Th' unspotted Robes, that should adorn the Saint !

JUDGE-  
MENT.

## V.

Assist us then Ye kinder Powers above ;  
That all our thoughts towards you may move.  
May we like you in *God* delight,  
Have still whilst Here our Heav'n in Sight !  
May all our faculties take care  
Souls pure and Holy to prepare, }  
Meet Partners for you there ! }  
May all whilst living so grow wise  
( To avoid a fatal sad surprize )  
Still, still to keep the last dread Scene prefix'd }  
( before their Eyes. }

*Gloria. Deo.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Table of *CEBES* the  
*Theban* Philosopher, or a True  
Emblem of Human Life.

Done out of *Greek* into *English*.  
Printed at the University Press in  
*Cambridge*, for *John Pindar* Booksel-  
ler there.

A Poem upon *Christmas-day*, De-  
dicated to the Right Reverend Fa-  
ther in God *JOHN* Lord Bishop  
of *Norwich*.

Both by the same Author.

When we first began